





The Second Coming Of iPad

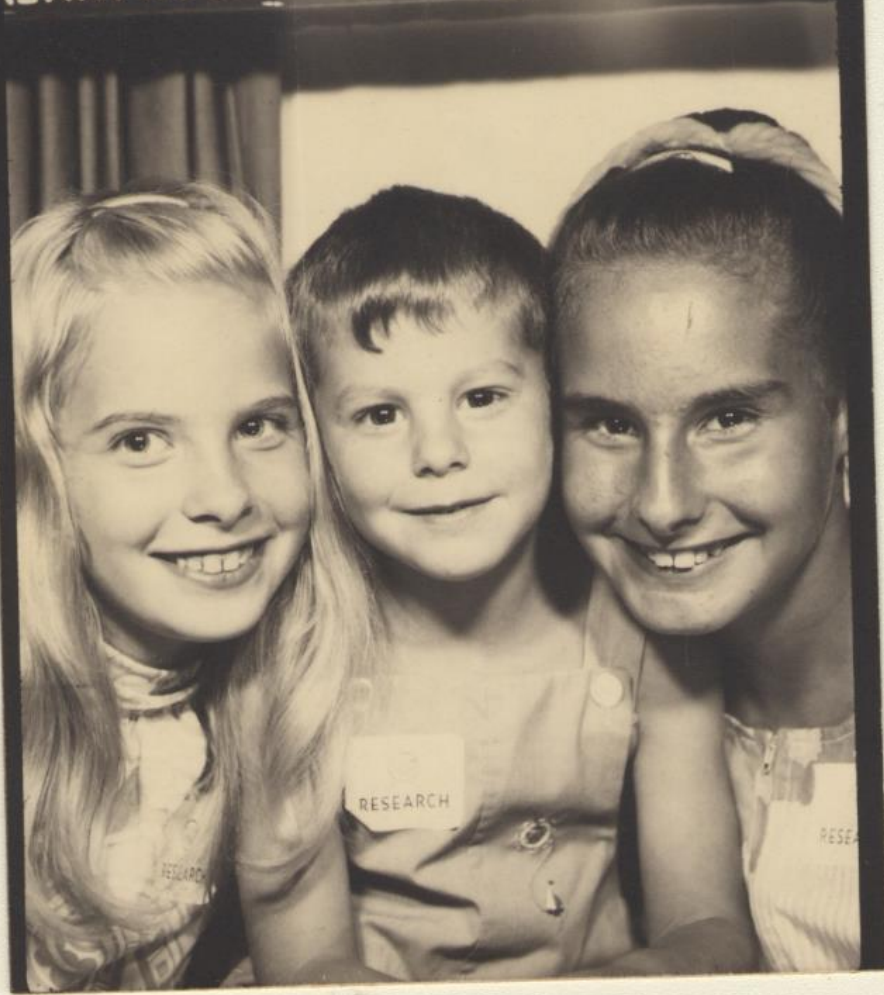
With new hardware and a next-generation operating system heavy on tablet-specific improvements, Apple is on a campaign to make the iPad your primary computing device.

Posted on June 5, 2017, at 5:00 p.m.




John Paczkowski
Managing Editor, BuzzFeed San Francisco

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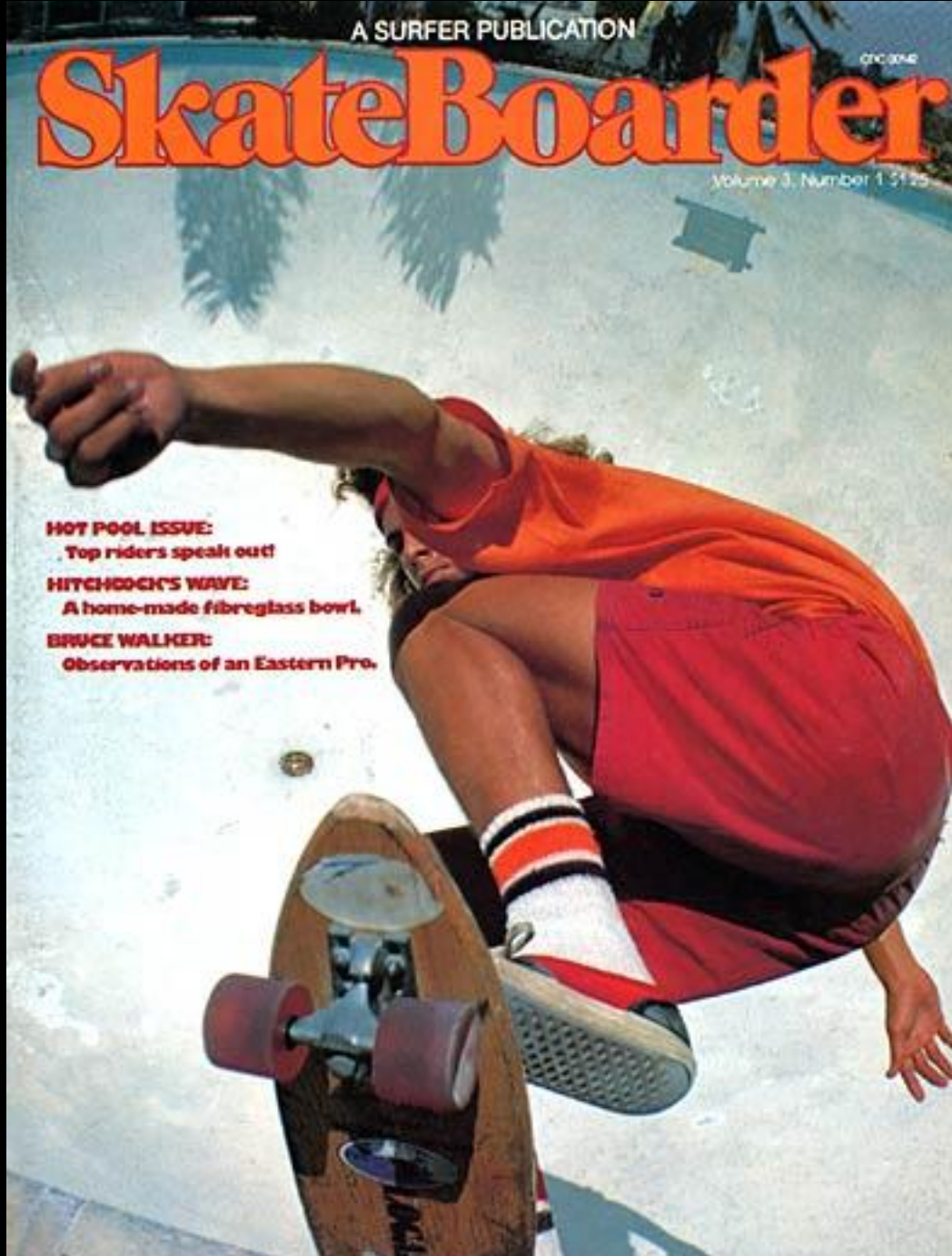


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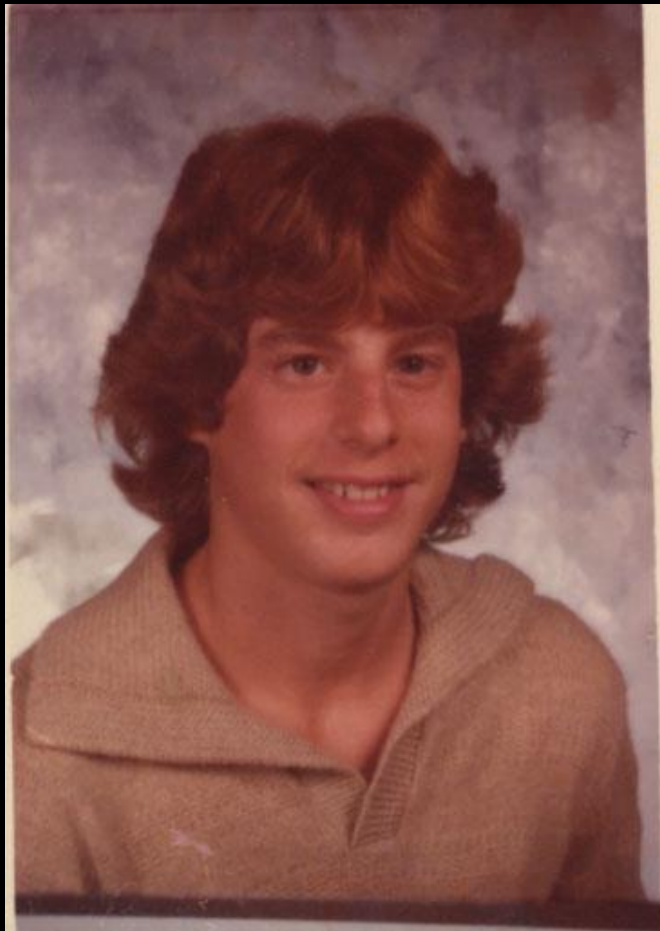
Volume 3, Number 1 \$1.25



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HITCHHOCK'S WAVE:
 A home-made fibreglass bowl.

BRUCE WALKER:
 Observations of an Eastern Pro.



John Ritter 384

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SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

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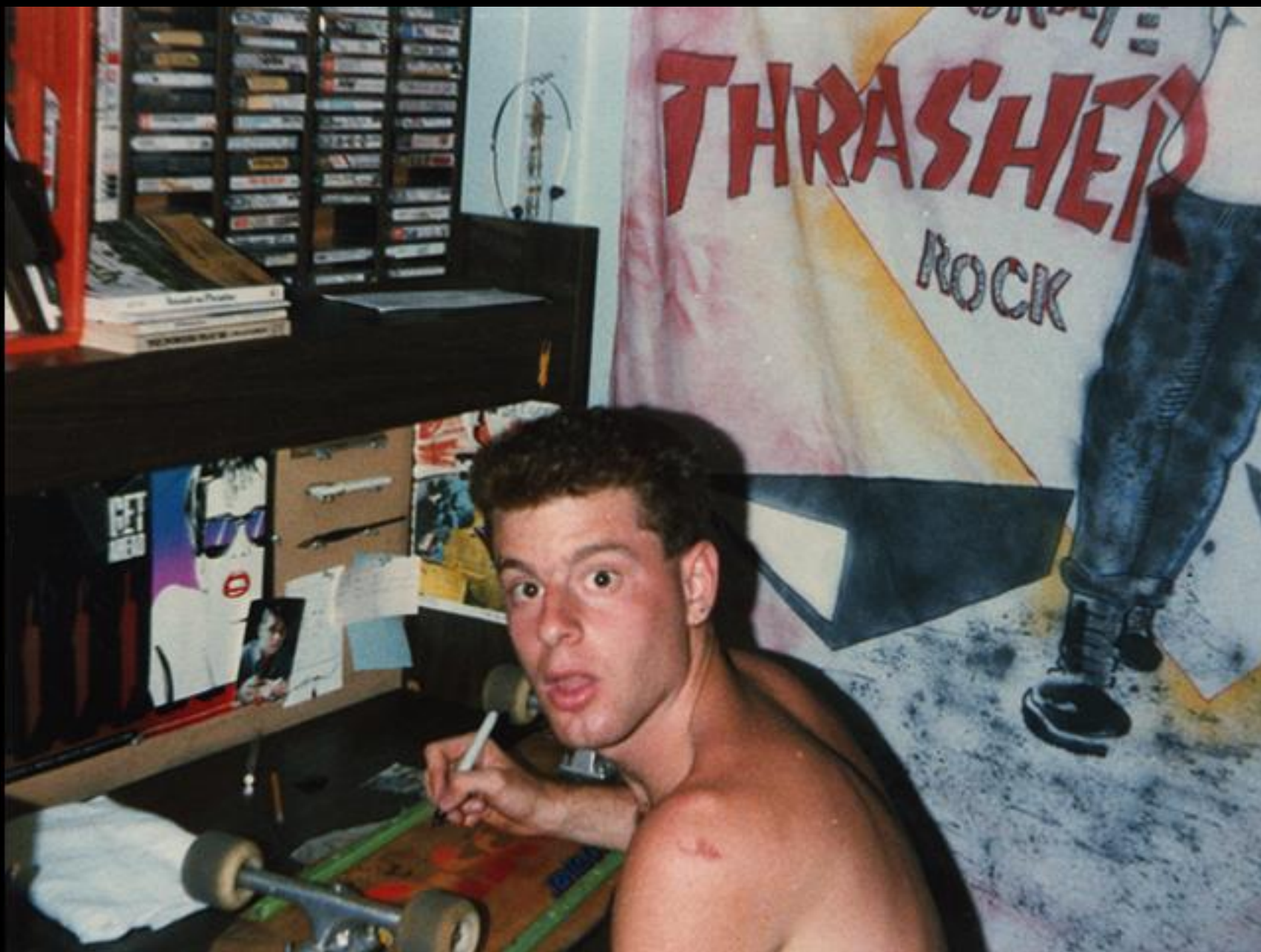
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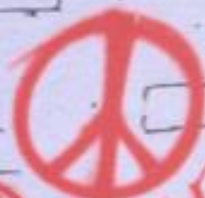


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TOUGH

PLEASE
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GIRL



PEACE

NO
DRUGS





JOAN
JETT
THE
HIT
LIST







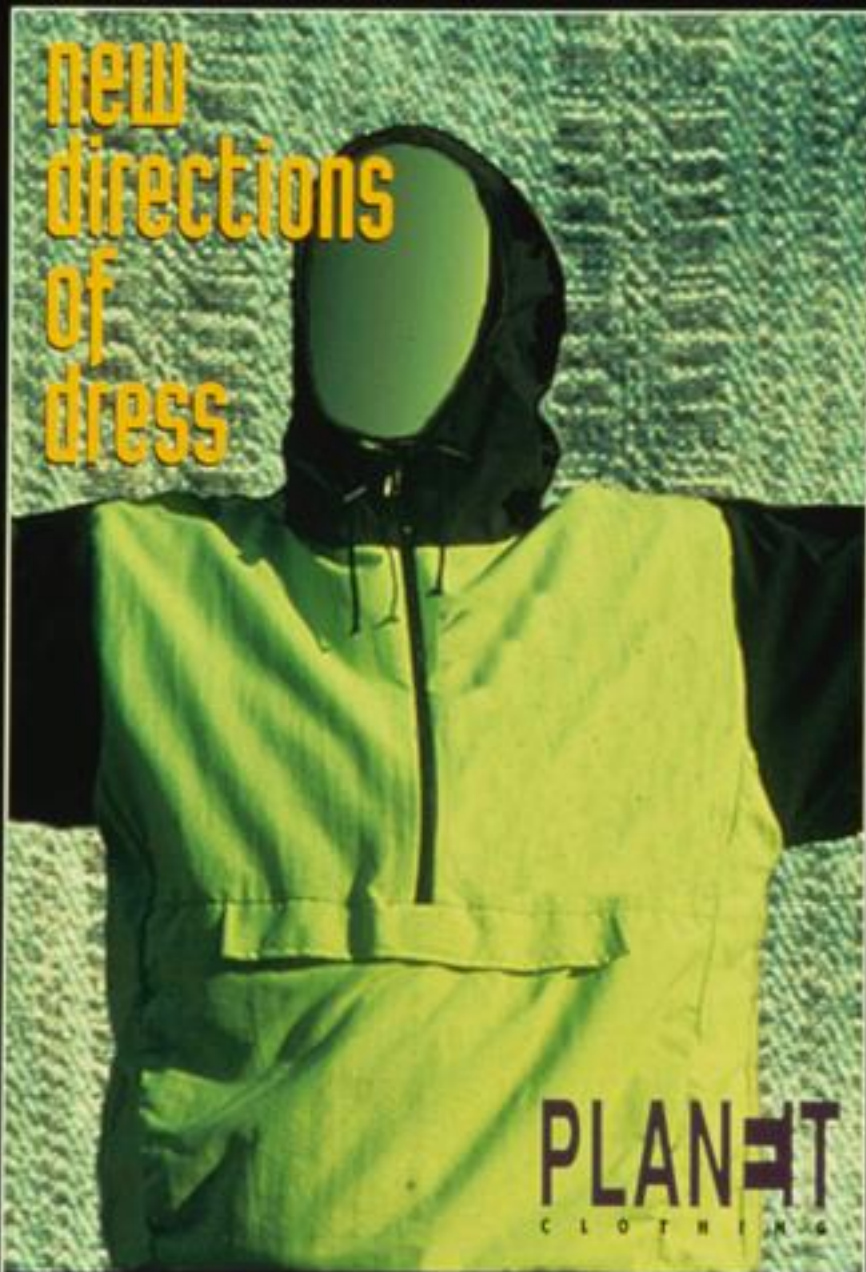


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 Header





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VIGNOLA

LOA	39'0"
LWL	27'0"
Max Beam	10'0"
Beam Liner	8'0"
Main Sail	325 sq. ft.

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39'

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32'



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What I see is what I think.
JUSTER

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ALL BORN TO FIGHT THEM
DARKNESS AND LIGHT ARE
NOT SEPARATE. BROTHERS
AND SISTERS OF WAR
LET US FIGHT TOGETHER
WITH OUR GODS
AND WITH OUR WARRIORS
WE WILL NOT GIVE UP
UNTIL WE HAVE WON
OUR FREEDOM AND
OUR HONOR.
LET US FIGHT THEM, YES,
BROTHERS AND SISTERS.





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LIFE

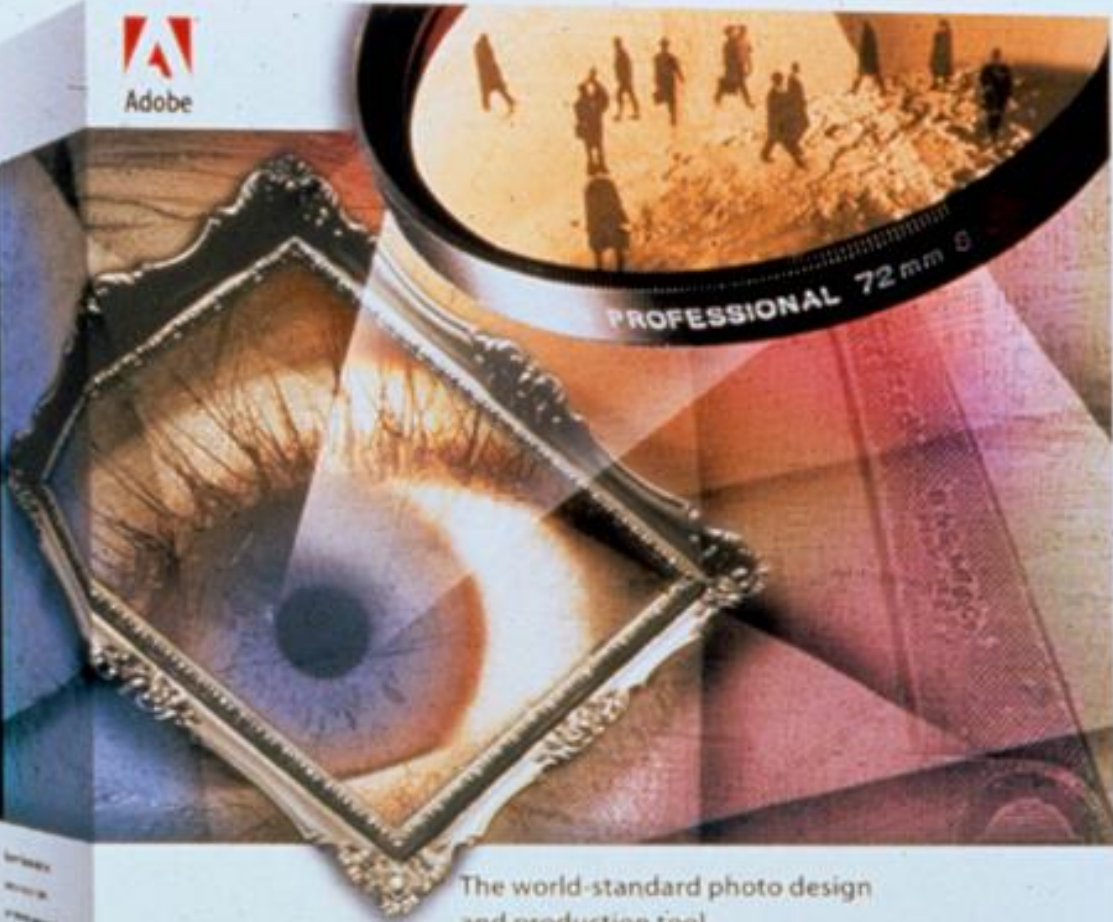






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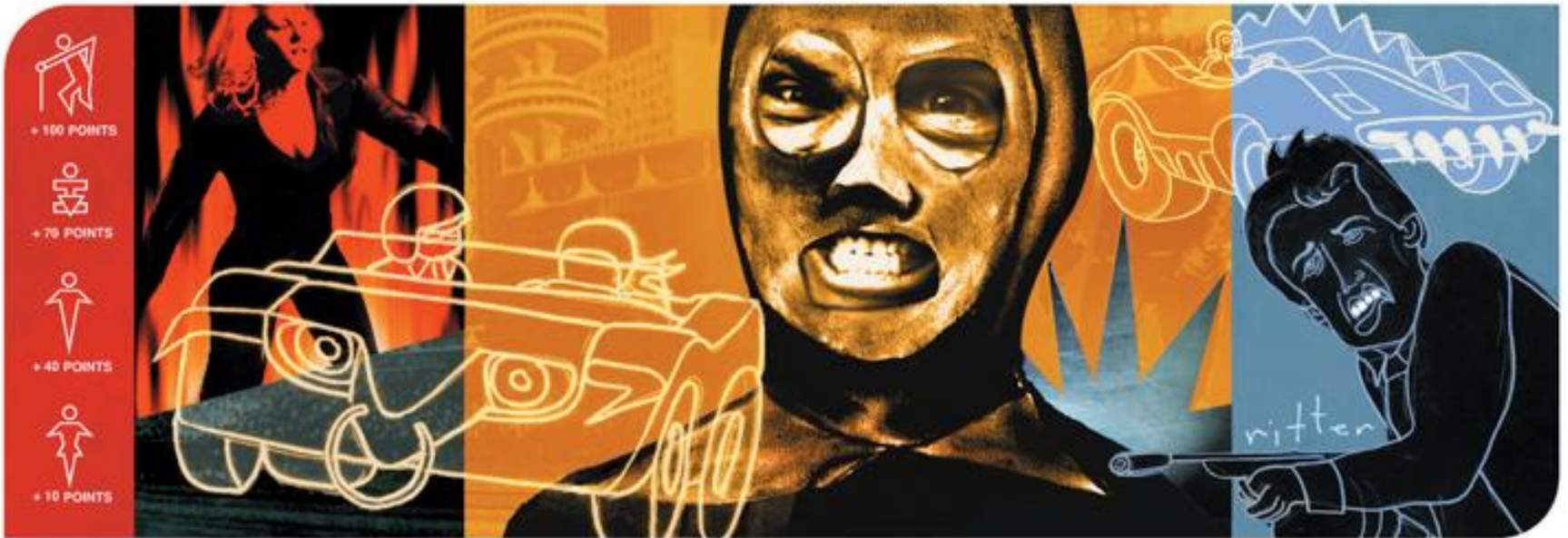




nitter













At Moler Road, "Come and See," a film about the Nazi invasion of Belorussia.

mean misery—but it's both authentic, and, as a sustained mood, it pulls us into the story. With Sam Magrad and Aaron Eckhart as cops, and Vanessa Redgrave, Helen Mirren, and Mackenzie Mauzy as conspecifics. A worthy movie, but don't go expecting *noisy* *innings* of it.—D.D. (12/25/01; Battery Park 16, Chelsea 84, East 99th Street Cinema, 42nd Street F. Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York 24th, and Union Square.)

SAVE THE LAST DANCE

A hip-hop fare tale. Jaha Bello, the reigning queen of teen movies, plays Sara, a baller dancer and high-school senior who means to impress Chicago after her mother dies in a car crash. There, she mixes with her new classmates and learns to use "dabbling" as an adverb. Her love interest is David (Sean Patrick Thomas), a Georgetown-bound scholar who performs his own delicate dance. He's ambitious, yet he's trying to maintain his basketball status. The movie's hair actors are its standout moments—Breckin Meyer looks like an actual, and with the way black people do. Eventually, they kiss, and the only people who really look out are the old white ones—there's a funny scene on the B where they hang in front of a disappearing lady. The dancing is surprisingly solid; love is Sara's conflict. It may be a long time before she lives down the Prince's Liza like style she sports in the final scenes.—Michael Agger (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinema, 42nd Street 84, 42nd Street F. Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 8, Orion 5, Union Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

SHADOW OF THE PAMPHILE

Oh, how to live a really good idea. The director E. Dan Morberg, noting the deathly appeal of

F. W. Murnau's "Zerkow," has decided to recreate the making of the film. We are transported to western-anxiety Berlin for scenes of chaotic destruction and from there to a rural music set, where the obsessive Murnau (John Malkovich) struggles to control the warring conduct of Max Schreck ("William Dwyer," for leading man, "Noisy") was one of the earliest "bravado" improvisers, and it remains the best, but you would never know that from the atrocious music that prevails here. Marriage here happens into the scene that Schreck was a real vampire—had news for Catherine McCormack, who plays the love interest, and finds that Schreck is only interested in her neck.—A.L. (12/31/01; East 8, 42nd Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, 20th, Union Square, and West 8.)

INATOR

Gay Richter (played a step—mistaken by some for a woman—with his first name, "Rick, Rick, Rick, Rick, and Two-killing, Bitchy.") Not wishing to tamper with the scene of the crime, following a further batch of most quite possible Cockness. They have names like Roller Tooth (Joe) (Gavin Ross) and Rick Top (Mark Ford), and they continue in the archaic process that Richter continues to sell as rock. They plot, this time, to more complicated, involving a dissonant shift and a series of boxing matches, none of which, naturally, go according to plan. Richter's strength is the turning angle, one can only grow tired of a dog that has swallowed a rabbit toy and then squander when it tries to bark. His weakness is a basic, self-advertising style that wastes what it's meant to quicken; you come out feeling staid and soiled. The cast is honored by the presence of

Bonnie Del Toro, first seen in the garb of a Hasidic Jew, and especially in Brad Pitt, who plays what is rumored to be an Irish Gypsy, although no one, least of all the other characters, can decipher what he has to say.—A.L. (12/28/01; Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinema, First & 42nd Cinema, 42nd Street F. Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orion 5, and Union Square.)

STATE AND MAIN

Movies about movies are seldom as funny as they should be; neither's *Business*, as tragedy, the film-business is about as hard to hit as a breasted man. This latest assault is by David Mamet; his hero, played by Philip Seymour Hoffman, is ironic and satirical, whereas pretty much everyone around him is a half-witted jerk. Sometimes, this sort lacks the gleaming ring of truth. The location is a roomy parlor suite that is entered by the cast and crew of a period drama, including the star (Amy Adams) with a star for underage girls, the leading lady (Sarah Jessica Parker) with a distaste for males, and the utterly depressing director (William H. Macy). With scenes like these, the whole thing should have been a riot, but Mamet has always been more tough-guy than funnyman, and you find yourself waiting expectantly for laughs that never come.—A.L. (Battery Park 16, East 84th Street, Empire 25, First & 82nd Cinema, Lincoln Plaza Cinema, Marlin Hall Cinema, and Union Square.)

TRAFFIC

Terrificulous stuff from the first shot to the last. Steven Soderbergh's visual and wide-ranging view of the "war on drugs" presents three parallel stories, each with its own look and style: the former and intriguing work of two Mexican state troopers (Benicio Del Toro and Jacobo Vargas) the former, in vignettes of the new American drug war (Michael Douglas), who discovers that his beautiful, intelligent sixteen-year-old daughter (Erika Christensen) is harboring cocaine, and the last, the last, the last, a San Diego woman (Catherine Zeta-Jones) who tries to hold on to her home when her drug-dealing husband (Steven Bauer) is arrested and made to stand trial. The first story is photographed in vibrant colors, the second with blue filters, the third in bright sunlight—all by Soderbergh himself, who puts the camera on his shoulder and moves us into the middle of the action. Individually, the scenes play with expert toughness, and the over-all impression is one of high intelligence and great good humor abounding as we through a maze.—D.D. (12/28/01 & 13/01; BAM Rose Cinema, Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinema, 42nd Street F. Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orion 5, and 8, Orion 5, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

TWO OR THREE THINGS

I KNOW ABOUT HER

Two or three things may be said of Jean-Luc Godard's pastime, gambled through since 1967 Paris, which follows a wife and mother who are taken to her middle-class condition. First, the usually more sedate cinema of a cup of coffee as the audience follows a monologue is one of the most beguiling shots in movie history. Second, Marina Vlady, in the presence, has a face, those beauty-matched with an unaccountably youthful elegance—evanescent personality. And third, Godard's point of a metaphor whose cinema "take better care of others than of people" is both offhand and sure, like a painter's approach to French.—Michael Ingham (American Museum of the Moving Image Feb. 3.)

W. T. (A ONE AND A TWO)

Marcello M. begins with a wedding and ends with a funeral, and, in a style that could only be called real-time manner-of-fact, Edward Yang's movie encompasses the life of a large Taiwanese family and such central elements as middle-class cinema as business ethics and the disillusionment of reaching the age of forty-five. The characters live in an Americanized work environment, yet certain reactions clearly are to Americans, such as modernity and shame, still rule their lives. Yang works very delicately; you have to slow yourself down to get into the pace of the movie, but once you do every shot seems meticulous. He doesn't cover up the space, he frames it, and he waits at attention. A character stands alone, in a doorway, or at a window,

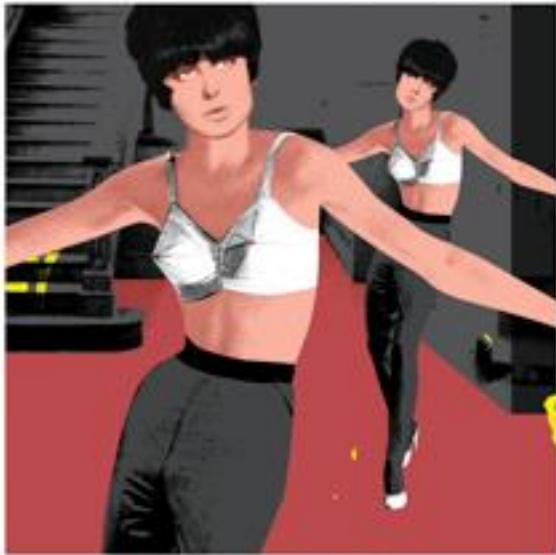






















A REPORTER AT LARGE

DELUGED

When Katrina hit, where were the police?

BY DAN BAUM

Tim Bruneau discovered New Orleans in 1997, when, as a twenty-three-year-old soldier at Fort Polk, Louisiana, he was close enough to the city to hit Bourbon Street on weekends. He'd spent two years in Panama as a military policeman, and New Orleans reminded him, in a good way, of Central America—hot, sensual, and easygoing. Rather than go home to Texas after leaving the Army, he joined the New Orleans Police Department.

Bruneau is tall and thin, with a big Adam's apple in a long neck. He walks like a marionette, heaving along with his knees slightly bent and his feet dragging. In 2002, he was hit by a car as he was running after a drug suspect. When he awoke, six weeks later, he couldn't move his left side. Bruneau assumed

that his career was finished, but the department stood by him, paying for several operations, including the amputation of the little finger of his left hand, and keeping a job open for him. When it became clear that he would never be strong enough to return to patrol, he was made a detective.

The Hurricane Katrina crisis began for Bruneau on Monday, August 29th, shortly after the storm had passed through. A young woman lay dead in the middle of the 1900 block of Jackson Avenue. Her skull was crushed, and a fallen street light, blown down by the ninety-five-mile-an-hour winds, lay beside her. Along Jackson Avenue, people were emerging from shotgun shacks into a world of smashed oak trees and downed power lines. Some of them knew the

woman. She had gone out during the storm to buy drugs.

Bruneau's police radio carried reports from the Lower Ninth Ward, three miles away; it was flooding rapidly, from a breach in the so-called Industrial Canal. But that was another district's problem. Bruneau radioed for the coroner. Nobody showed up. Bruneau called again. Nothing. An hour passed. The dispatcher told Bruneau that floodwater was heading toward him. The Seventeenth Street and London Avenue Canals had breached their levees, and Lake Pontchartrain was pouring into northern New Orleans. Bruneau asked for an ambulance. None was available, because most of them had been moved out of the city before the storm. He asked the dispatcher to try the coroner again,

but the coroner's office was flooded.

Bruneau waited by the body for two hours, and finally left it with a patrolman and drove off to another call. When he checked back, in the early afternoon, the woman still lay uncovered on the hot pavement. Standard operating procedure, it seemed, no longer applied. In some nearby storm wreckage, he and the patrolman found a deflated waterbed mattress. Neighbors watched as the two men rolled the woman onto it and hoisted her into the back seat of Bruneau's unmarked white Crown Victoria. He explained to the neighbors that he planned to deliver the woman to the morgue. "So they wouldn't think I was up to no good," he told me. After informing the dispatcher that he had a 29-U, a victim of an unclassified death, in his back seat, he drove to Charity Hospital, about a mile away. Water was approaching the building's steps, and the doctors and staff members were evacuating. They couldn't take the body. At Tulane University Hospital, down the street, an emergency-room doctor

refused to let Bruneau in the door.

By this time, Bruneau knew from police reports that his own house and car were underwater. He parked a few blocks from the Superdome, staring through the windshield at the huge structure rising inconspicuously from deep water. "I was dazed and confused," he told me later. All he had was his uniform, the cash in his wallet, and his gun. He didn't know what to do with the corpse. The entire edifice of city government seemed to have dissolved in the floodwaters. He sat gazing at the Superdome for two hours. Finally, the dispatcher got back to him.

"Undo what you did," she said.

"You mean dump the body?"

"Undo what you did."

Bruneau drove back to Jackson Avenue. A sergeant met him there with a body bag, and the neighbors watched again as the cops pulled the woman out of the car and onto a strip of grass. They unrolled her from the water bed and zipped her into the bag. This time, Bruneau didn't know what to say to the

neighbors, so he simply drove away. During the days that followed, he headed back toward Jackson Avenue every now and then. The 1900 block eventually lay four blocks into the flood zone, and he stood at the water's edge and peered through his binoculars. The woman floated this way and that, and came to rest about half a block from where he'd first found her.

All over New Orleans, officers like Tim Bruneau were trying to do their best. One swam from his flooded house with his Rotweiler. A heavyset female officer who could not swim huddled on her daughter's desk all night, floated out on a door, and reported for duty. Kristi Foret, a tiny twenty-five-year-old single mother who joined the department in August after serving with the Army in Afghanistan, spent two days trapped on her roof in the sun. After a neighbor with a boat rescued her, she stayed with him for another three days, sleeping in the boat and pulling people off roofs and out of attics. "It's called an

As an institution, the N.O.P.D. disintegrated almost immediately, but around the city individual officers acted heroically.

FICTION

THE FRACTIOUS SOUTH

BY GINA OCHSNER

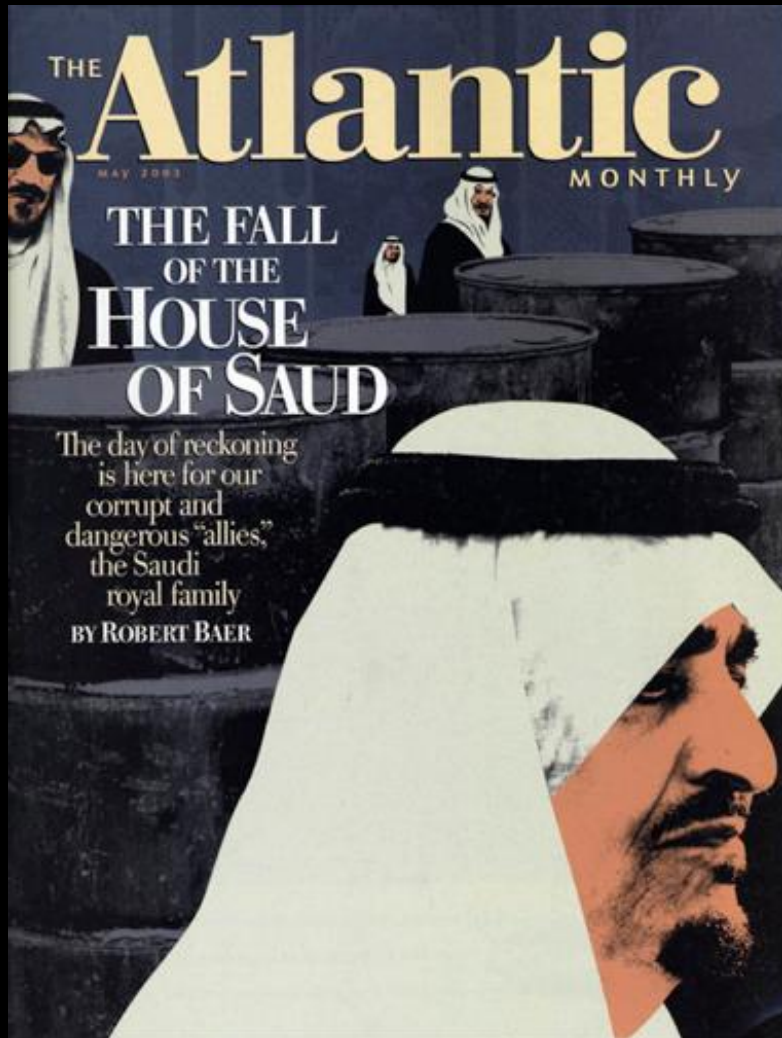


FICTION

MIRACLE

BY JUDY BUDNITZ











REF



Daughter 1-a



Daughter 2-a



Daughter 3-a



Daughter 4-a



Daughter 5-a



Daughter 6-a



Daughter 7-a



Sketches



Daughter 1-b



Daughter 2-b



Daughter 3-b



Daughter 4-b



Daughter 5-b



Daughter 6-b



Daughter 7-b



*Daughter CMYK.jpg



Daughter 1-c



Daughter 2-c



Daughter 3-c!



Daughter 4-c



Daughter 5-c



Daughter 6-c



Daughter 7-c



*Daughter(ver2)CMYK.jpg



Daughter 1-d



Daughter 2-d



Daughter 3-d



Daughter 4-d



Daughter 5-d



Daughter 6-d



Daughter 7-d



Daughter 7-f



Daughter 2-e



Daughter 4-e



Daughter 5-e



Daughter 6-e



Daughter 7-g!



Daughter 8-a



Daughter 5-f



Daughter 6-f



Daughter 5-g

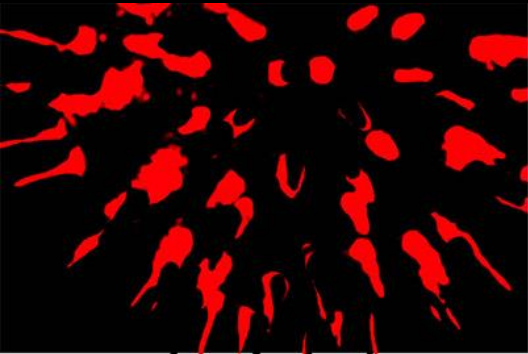








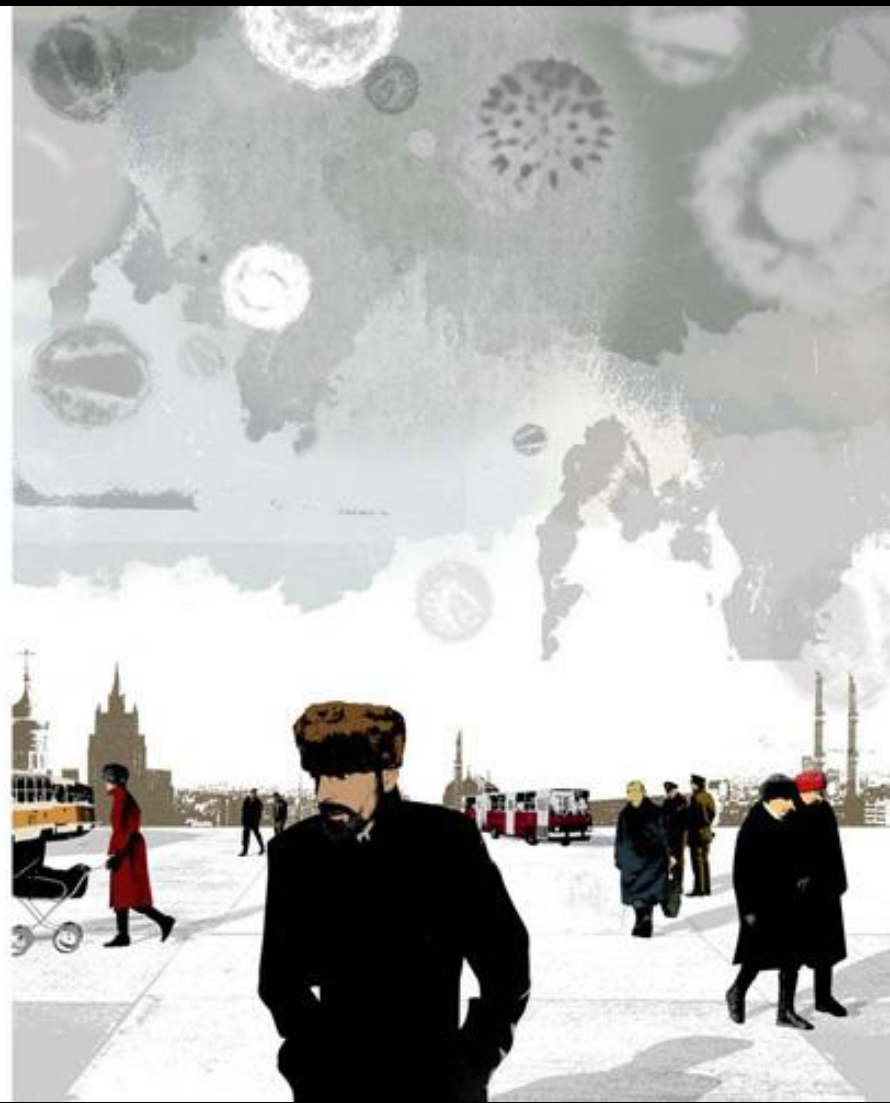












THE DEVASTATION

Since 1965, life expectancy for Russian men has decreased by nearly six years. And now there is AIDS.

BY MICHAEL SPECTER

The first days of spring are electrifying in St. Petersburg. The wizzers are hard and dark and long, and when the light finally returns each year thousands of people pour onto Nevsky Prospekt and into the squares in front of the Winter Palace and St. Isaac's Cathedral. Petersburg has always been more open and more openly European than other Russian cities, and the day I arrived this spring was the first on which men in shirt-sleeves could fling Fröbees across the endless avenues. I settled into one of the many coffee shops along the Neva River—they are a recent innovation—and noticed something else that was new: a large stack of pamphlets advertising an H.I.V. support group. AIDS is not a subject that people talk about much in Russia. Even though the epidemic is spreading here more rapidly than anywhere else in the world, there are virtually no public-service ads on television about it, and the government spends next to nothing on prevention, treatment, education, or care. This year, the entire budget for H.I.V.-related matters is a little more than five rubles per person, less than the cost of a pack of cigarettes.

St. Petersburg has been a rare exception to what seems like an official policy of ignorance and neglect. The city is responsible for the first program in Russia that sends buses to deliver information—and clean needles—to people who cannot be reached in other ways. It also pays for health workers to travel to schools, hospitals, and even construction sites to inform people about their choices. Condoms are available, and often free. Almost two years ago, St. Petersburg opened the country's first AIDS hospice. There is still only one. Funded with local money, it sits not far from the city's Botkin Infectious Disease Hospital, one of the largest such facilities in Russia. The hospice is small; it has just sixty

beds, and they are not filled. The director, Olga Leonova, is a valiant woman with an impossible job: trying to assure patients that they have a future while convincing everyone else that AIDS threatens to turn Russia back into the Third World country it was before the Second World War. "You can see it getting worse every day," she told me as we walked around the floor one morning. "It's not just drug addicts now." For years, H.I.V. infection in Russia was driven almost exclusively by shared needles. "We are seeing pregnant mothers and people we would never have even tested in the past."

Dr. Leonova is a middle-aged woman with chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She wore stylish striped pants under her lab coat, and her fingernails were painted garnet gray. She is proud of her woad, and enjoyed introducing patients. One of them, a frail boy with sandy-colored hair, had tried to kill himself, because he thought he had no hope of living. With drugs provided by the hospice, he would soon go home. Cases like his are common. "Most of our patients have nothing when they get here," Dr. Leonova said. "They are dirty and hungry. The first thing we do is take their clothes and burn them." We had returned to her office, and while we talked she stood at the window, staring at the birch trees. "I worry that AIDS will send us over the edge—that we will become a country too sick to cope. Most people don't get it. Many of those who do understand have left. My five closest friends now live in the United States and Israel. My generation has no children. Husbands are dead. And now the young..." Her voice trailed off. Dr. Leonova is an optimist, but she knows that the illness she encounters each day is a sign of an even larger problem—one that threatens Russia at least as seriously today as the Cold

War did a generation ago. "We are on the front line of a war," she said. "This city was under siege by Hitler for years. We lived through Stalin. We have to prevail, and I think, somehow, we will. We don't have a choice."

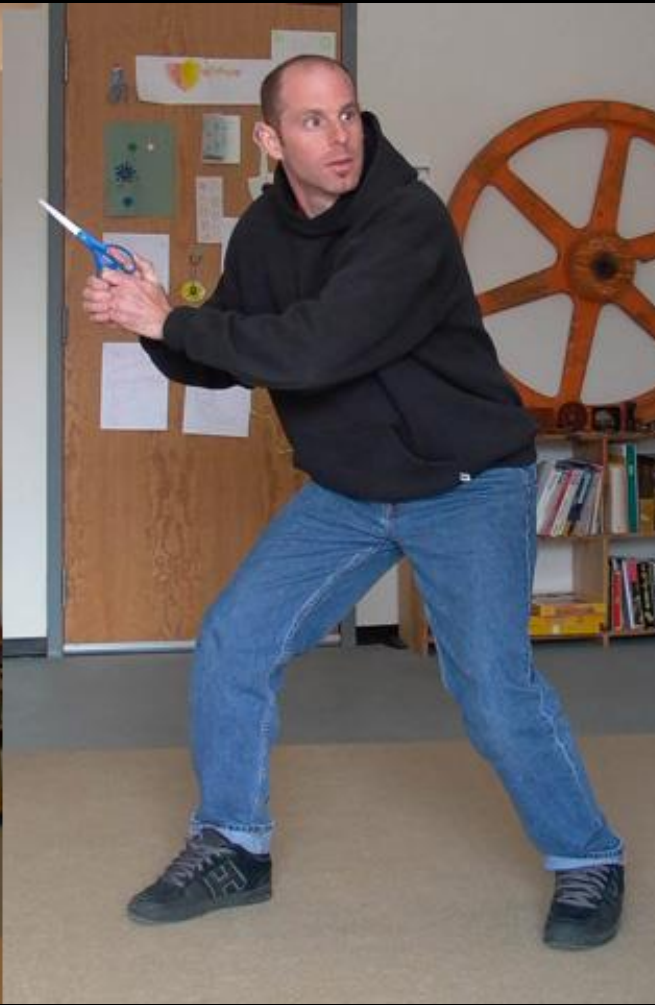
From Tambos, the old Soviet breadbasket, to the Pacific port city of Vladivostok, and even in Moscow, which has become a world showcase for conspicuous displays of wealth, Russians are dying in numbers and at ages that seem impossible to believe. Heart disease, alcohol consumption, and tuberculosis are epidemic. So is addiction to nicotine. You won't see many pregnant women on the streets; Russia has one of the lowest per-capita birth rates in modern history. Long life is one of the central characteristics of an advanced society; in Russia, men often die too young to collect a pension. In the United States, even during the Great Depression mortality rates continued to drop, and the same has been true for all other developed countries. Except Russia. In the past decade, life expectancy has fallen so drastically that a boy born in Russia today can expect to live just to the age of fifty-eight, younger than if he were born in Bangladesh. No other educated, industrialized nation ever has suffered such a prolonged, catastrophic growth in death rates.

In 1991, on the day the Soviet Union was dissolved, Russia's population stood at a hundred and forty-nine million. Without the huge wave of immigration from the former Soviet republics which followed, the country would have lost nearly a million people each year since then. If Russia is lucky, by 2050 the population will have fallen by only a third, to a hundred million. That is the most optimistic government scenario. More realistic predictions suggest that the number will be closer to seventy-five

Even the government's estimates—which ignore the AIDS epidemic—say that Russia will lose a third of its population by 2050.



CHRISTOPHER





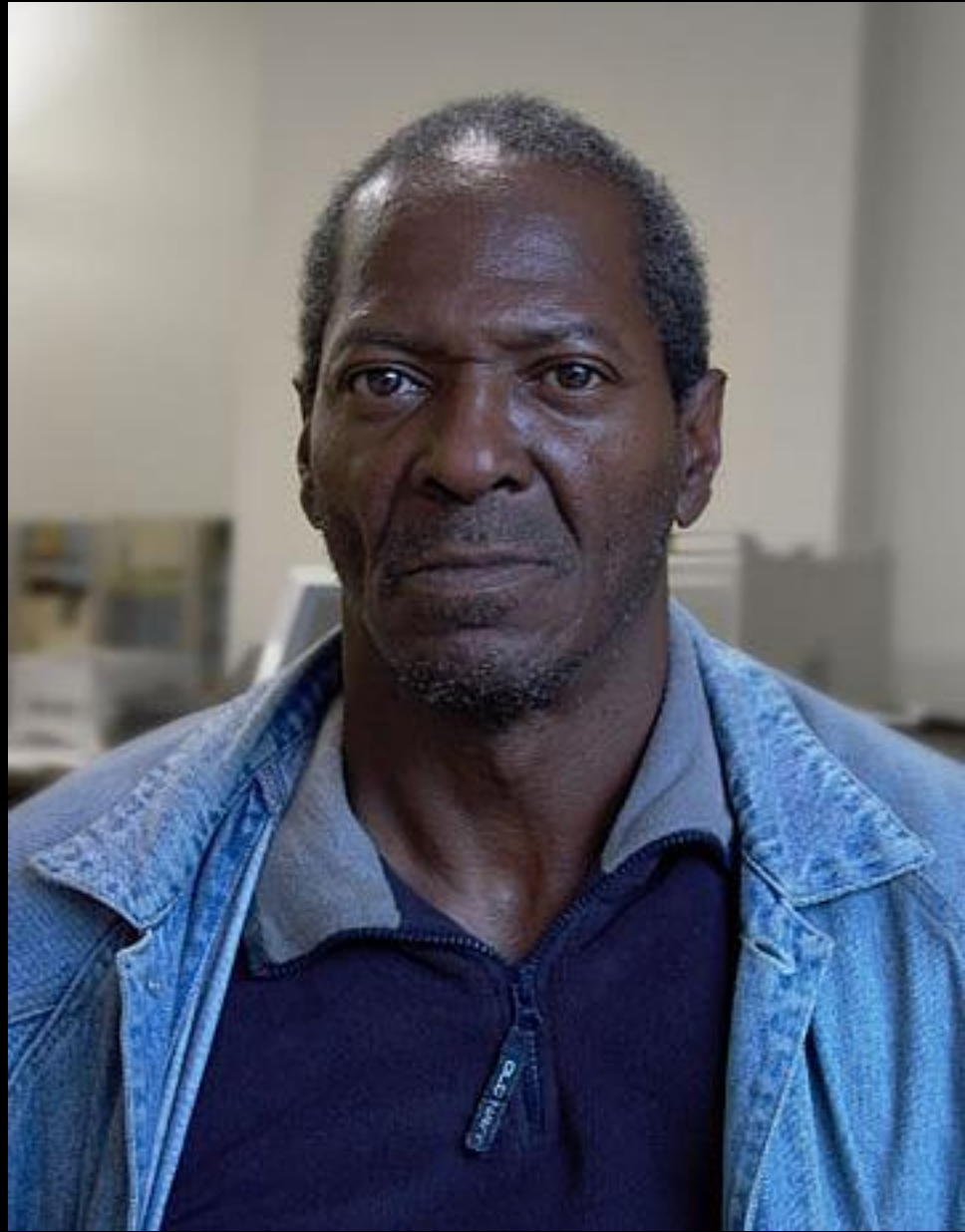




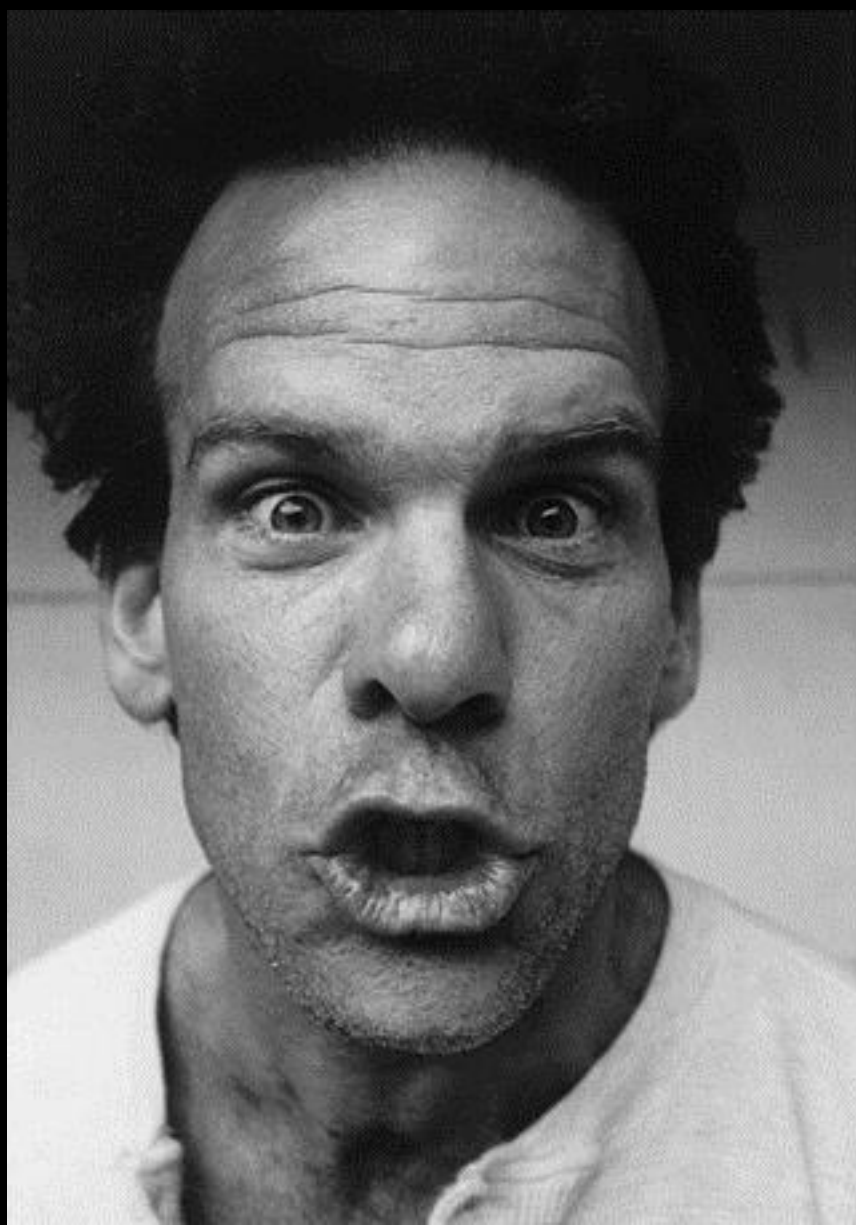












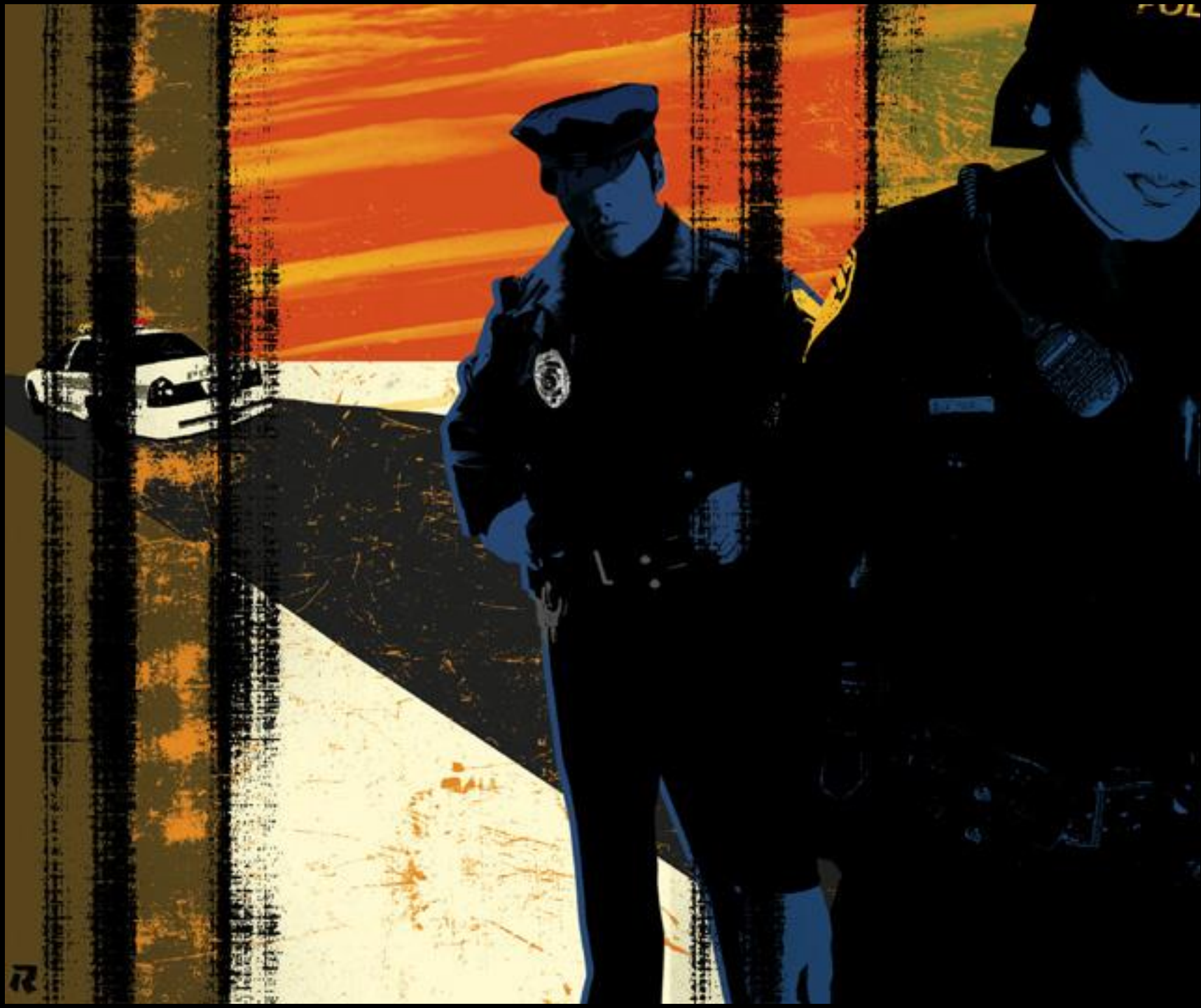












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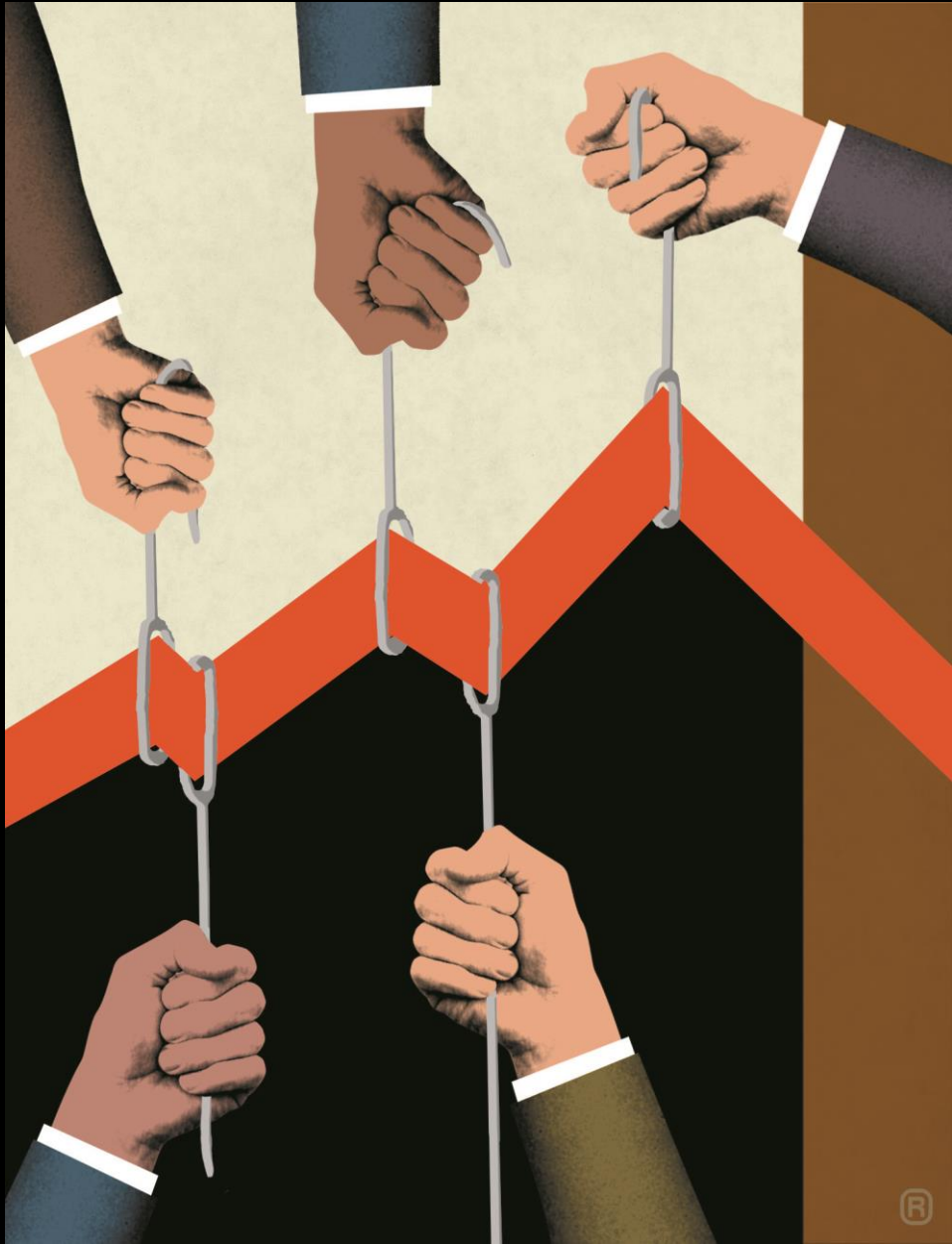




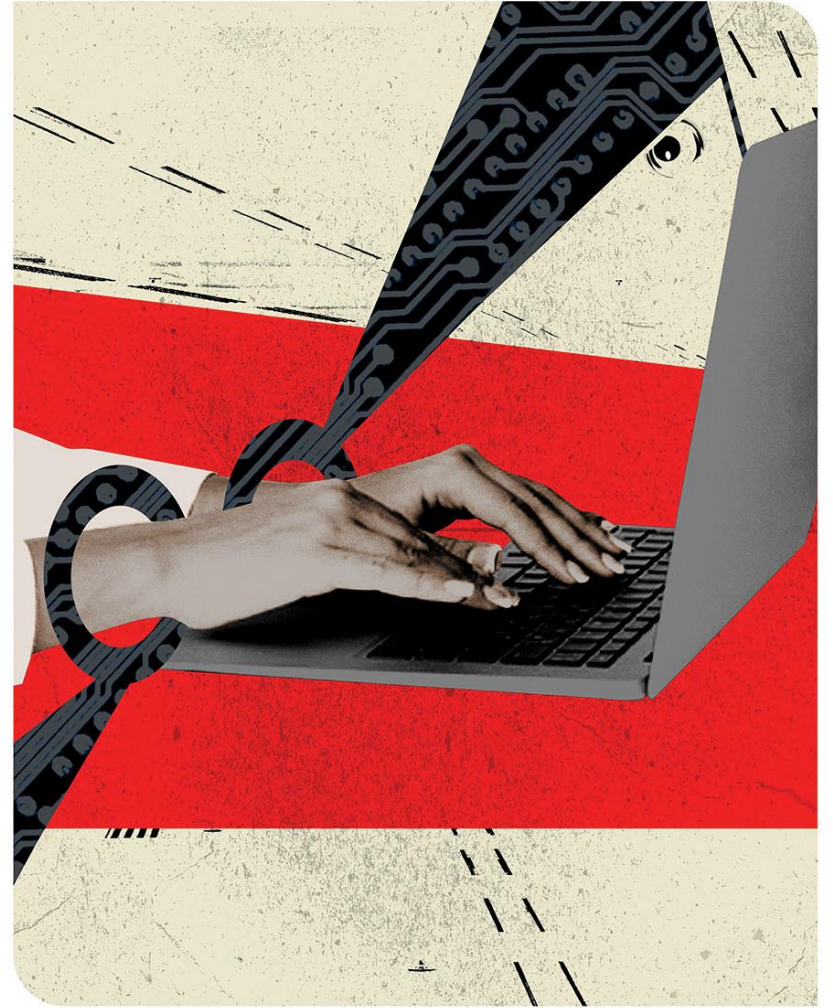




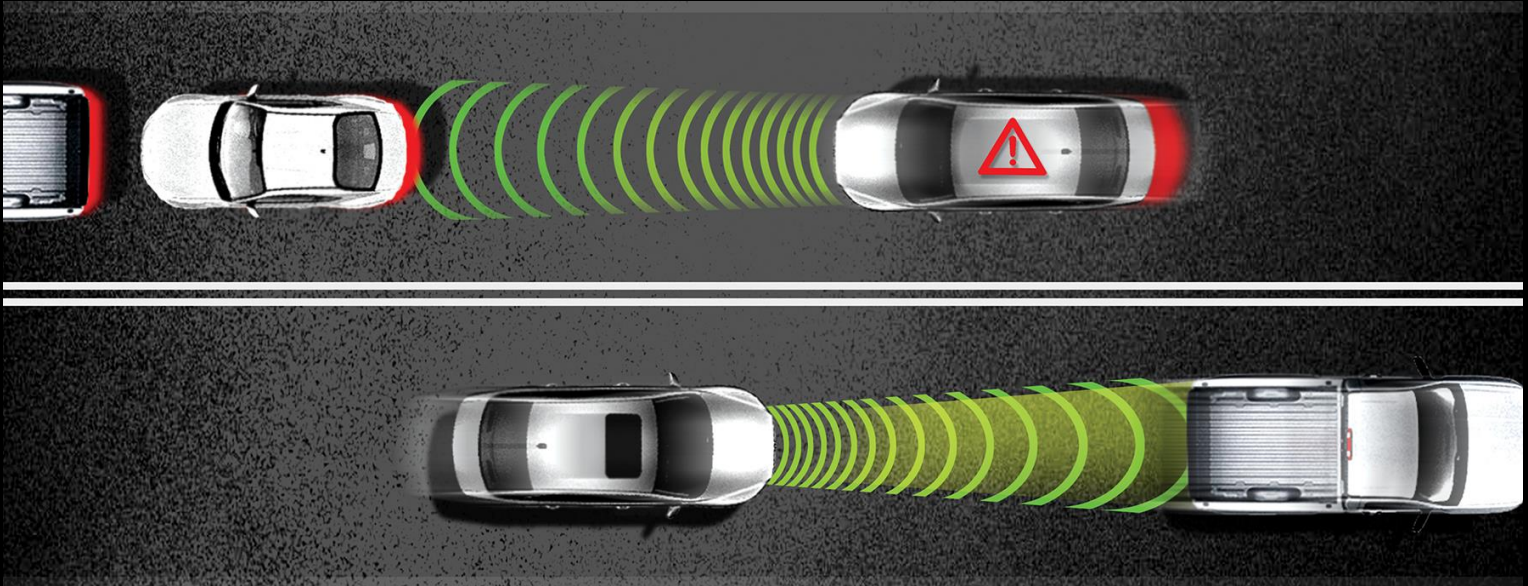
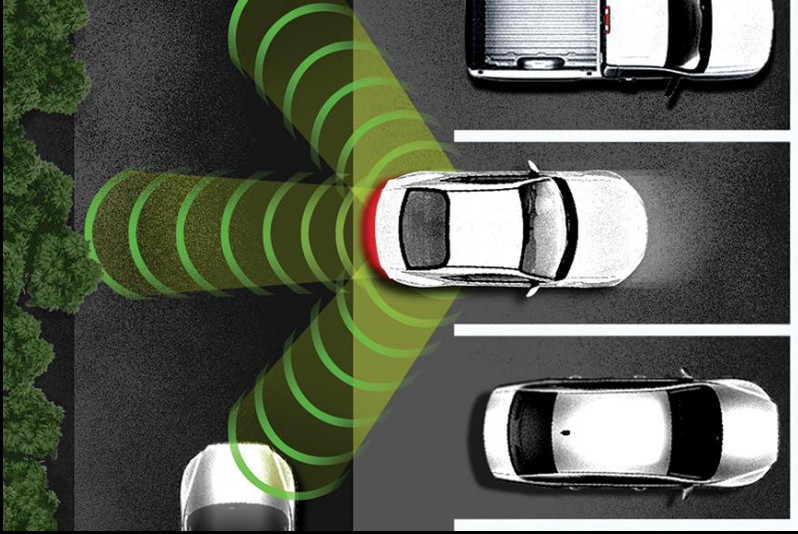












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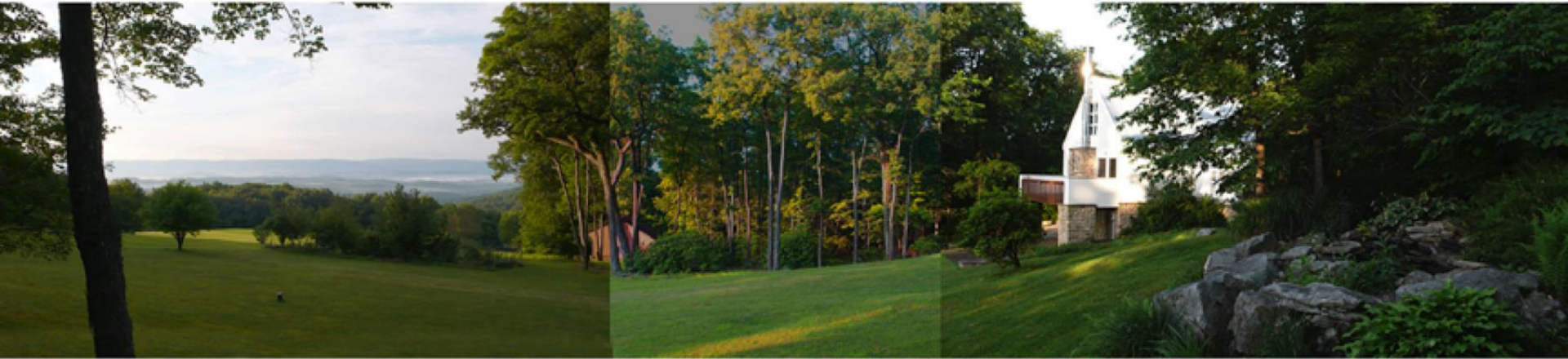
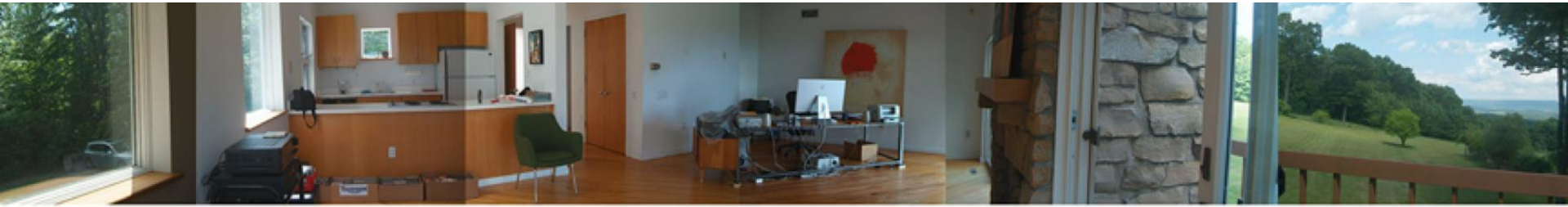
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